Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith.

Of the Camelions dish, I eat the aire,
Promis-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th the Vniuersitie you say,

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother here's mettle more attractiue.

Pol. O, oh, doe you marke that.

Ham. Ladie shall lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrie matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lie between maids legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merrie, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two houres.

Ophe. Nay, tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long, nay then let the Deuill weare black, for Ile haue a Sute of Sables; O heauens, die two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeare, but by'r Ladie a must build Churches then, or else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Enter